The Sketch

No. 2559—Vol. CXCVII. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1942. ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

"OPS" ROOM OF "COASTAL COMMAND."

As "Target for To-night" told the story of Bomber Command activities, so "Coastal Command" (Plaza and Carlton) screens for us the normal Service duties of Coastal Command. The cast is AIR MARSHAL SIR PHILIP JOUBERT *(seen above in the Operations Room), with his Air Staff officers, serving members of the R.A.F., and W.A.A.F.s. This full-length feature film was made with fullest co-operation of Air Ministry and the Admiralty, and the music was specially written for it by Dr. Vaughan Williams.*

On other pages of this issue further pictures will be found.

MOTLEY NOTES.

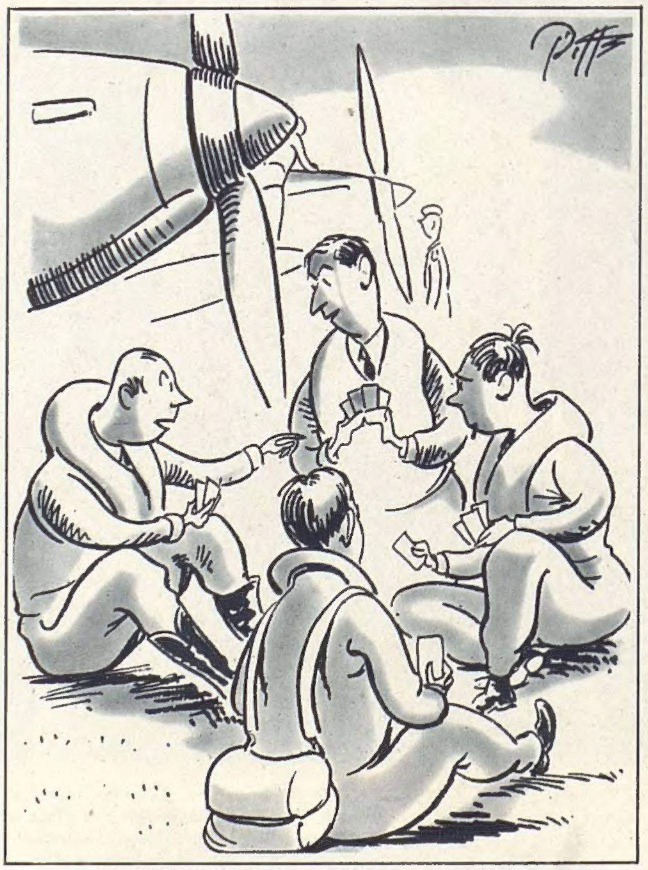
By ALAN KEMP.

Keep Your Shirt On ! If one of your kind friends sends an anonymous letter to the Ministry alleging that you are hoarding large and illicit stocks of food ; if then a couple of Enforcement Officers, Inspectors or Investigators (there are other names for them, but the Sub-Editor is a cautious man) ransack your premises, including the bedrooms, and find nothing whatever that is even suspicious ; if this should happen to you, you may be tempted to feel a little sore. You may feel inclined to ask whether this country in which you are living is really England. Forget it. Be reasonable. Don't make mountains out of molehills. Everybody is happy, and there is no occasion for hard feelings. Far from being the victim of an outrage, you have done a public service, and apparently you have done yourself a service too.

" They 're wanted, I imagine, for the Army's iron ration ! "

DRAWN BY GEORGE DAVIES.

The Reason Why. I am not drawing on my imagination. This happened the other day to a gentleman, of distinguished position and blameless reputation, in Gloucestershire, and the whole matter has been thrashed out in the House of Lords. The official defence, given by the Minister of Food in person, is highly interesting. Let us analyse it. First, it is impossible for the Ministry to " enforce "—in other words, to snoop—effectively without the aid of anonymous letters. No comment seems necessary, since we all know what kind of people the writers of anonymous letters usually are. Law-enforcement by the poison-pen—it 's a charming idea ! Second, you didn't make a fuss, you didn't attempt to prevent the minions from turning your house upside down, so what are you complaining about ? In other words, if you behave with a certain dignity in painful circumstances, if you remain calm and say, " I have nothing to conceal," you have therefore accepted any humiliation which spies and blunderers can put upon you. Apparently, the proper thing to do is to have hysterics or throw a flat-iron at the intruders—who, by the way, can force their way in whether you protest or not.



" Could I trouble you for Miss Chips, the carpenter's daughter ? "

DRAWN BY PITTS.

Without a Stain. Thirdly, your reputation has now been cleared. Isn't that nice for you ? All lying and malicious rumours are now set at rest ; far from complaining, you ought to be grateful ! Never mind the dear, charitable people who will go on whispering " Where there 's smoke there 's fire," and " There is more in this than meets the eye "—you can now sue them for slander, if they annoy you. On the same principle, if you are accused of beating your wife and are acquitted, you ought to be very thankful, because in future everybody will know what a good husband you are. Finally, what a splendid thing that the law is no respecter of persons ! At least nobody will ever be able to say that the Ministry of Food suffers from any class prejudice ! It doesn't matter what your standing or reputation or record may be, you are just as much at the mercy of the snoopers as the lowest black marketeer ! In the whole depressing history of Parliamentary defences of the indefensible, has any such clotted sophistry ever been offered to explain away what is, in plain fact, a horrid outrage and a palpable blunder ? I greatly hope that some courageous person, similarly victimised, will some day test these powers, the legality of which is, to say the least, open to grave doubt.

" I feel quite sleepy, Cecil, counting that battalion of Home Guard marching through the gate ! "

DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.

The Fellowship of Felons. But there !—as I have had occasion to remark before, no patriotic citizen ought to mind nowadays being a suspected or even an actual criminal. It is impossible to be anything else. Day by day I come across further examples of the peril in which we all live. Everybody knows that it is a crime to throw away a scrap of paper or an inch of string or to give an inedible crust to the chickens. If you saw a man starving, and gave him a morsel of your rationed food, you would both be criminals, because the starving man would have " obtained " rationed food without surrendering coupons. If you keep your neighbour's joint in your refrigerator or larder ; if you throw into the dustbin an empty ginger-beer bottle, without removing the rubber ring round the stopper, or if you wantonly throw among the potato-peelings the baby's outworn " comforter " or a burst toy balloon, then you are a common felon. The cream

of the jest is that even if you have arranged all the off-scourings in their legal categories, the dustman will probably tip the lot into his cart in open contempt of Statutory Rules and Orders. Well, *he* 's a felon too!

Seven a Day. We can still keep our sense of humour and shrug our shoulders at these absurdities. But the same sense of humour is not always evinced by the authorities. It was not long ago that a milkman was prosecuted for delivering his milk a few moments before 7.30 a.m.—unsuccessfully, because the magistrate declined to take this little Departmental joke seriously. A very reputable City firm were prosecuted (again unsuccessfully) for selling handkerchief powder-puffs without coupons—merely because somebody had forgotten to include these articles in an enormous schedule. "Control" goes from strength to strength. The quality of jam is to be determined by its "soluble solids content" (*i.e.*, its percentage of sugar) "as ascertained by the refractometer when the jam is cold." It appears from evidence in a recent prosecution that no analyst would dream of using a refractometer for this test. It would all be very comic, if it were not for the solemn thought that these "controls" and orders and ukases can be turned out *ad lib.* by obscure clerks in obscure offices. They are now, in fact, being turned out at the rate of *seven per day*.

Who Shall Control the Controllers?

In the midst of all this control, I am still puzzled by a subject which I have mentioned before, but to which I return without apology. It is my hard lot, I don't know why, to receive many pamphlets from all kinds of sources. The variety of their origins and contents is astounding, and if I read them all—which Heaven forfend!—I should have time for little else. This last week I have been specially favoured. One enthusiast has sent me not a single copy, but *six* copies, of a pamphlet in forty pages, accompanied by a long letter and (as usual) a request for comments. It is a fantastic effusion, but at least it is sane, in streaks. Not so another contribution, which constitutes a record, in my experience. This is a bunch of no fewer than seven pamphlets and leaflets, printed in all sorts of different colours, on quite good paper, with decorative borders. They are the work of a lunatic. I am not using the term relatively; these pathetic things are definitely the products of a disordered mind, raving on paper. I want to know how they come to be printed, and where the paper comes from. I am told that there are no restrictions on the paper which can be supplied by a private printer to a customer. If so, it seems plumb crazy at a time like this. Surely, if there were ever a case for "control," it is this; and if any order merchant can arrest this flood of utterly worthless matter, he will do a service not only to the nation, but to me personally. If *that* won't move the Government, nothing will!

"*Makes one realise how dangerous it is to be alive, doesn't it, Professor?*"

DRAWN BY KENNETH BEAUCHAMP.

The Stiff Upper Lip.

Anyhow, I still have enough paper to write on, which must be a great satisfaction to all; and at present I am scrawling thereon wrapped in my thickest overcoat. There is an electric fire within a few feet of me, but have I turned it on? I have not. Have I had a bath this morning? I have not. There was a time when one would have blushed to confess this shame, but to-day one is proud of it—such are the demoralising effects of war! Until November 1 the world at large is going to see from me an exhibition of endurance such as has been seldom witnessed in the field of human conflict. Am I complaining? I am not. Am I suffering? I am.

Wrap Me Up in My Tarpaulin Jacket!

And yet it appears that I need not suffer, and I am not likely to get much sympathy, because all I have to do is to crowd on a few more overcoats and I can defy the elements, indoors or outdoors. Blow, blow, thou winter wind!—Sir Leonard Hill, lecturing to the Royal Society of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene (what have the tropics got to do with it?), has said that thou canst blow in vain if I will only wear wadded gowns and wadded trousers—in short, turn myself into an animated quilt, or a stuffed Father Christmas—as the wise Chinese do.

> Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
> The season's difference, as the icy fang
> And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
> Which, when it bites and blows upon my body . . .
> I smile and say——

pass along the cotton waste and pad me out like Falstaff! But

[Continued overleaf.

Continued.]
I notice the learned lecturer cautiously prescribes cotton waste, *if obtainable*. Yes—ermine, musquash and sable, if obtainable! For the matter of that, an electrically-heated flying-suit, if obtainable!

The Human Cocoon. I cannot but agree with the learned lecturer when he urges that "to save fuel the scanty garments of women must be amplified by overalls, trousers and tunics, worn together with any available undergarments." How this impermeable sex has ever faced the cyclones and anticyclones with nothing but diaphanous filaments between it and refrigeration, no man will ever understand. All I ask of it is that it will not seek reinforcement in terra-cotta corduroys, because (speaking purely for myself) these garments afflict me with simultaneous nausea and ophthalmia. It is hard—but we must face it—to read that "only the old and feeble and the sick require artificial warmth." Well, by November 1 I should not be surprised if I felt old, feeble *and* sick. Clap on more clothes! But is there not one little item which this sage has omitted from his scientific calculations? It is called coupons.

"New exercises? No, somebody disturbed a wasp's nest!" (DRAWN BY GEORGE DAVIES.)

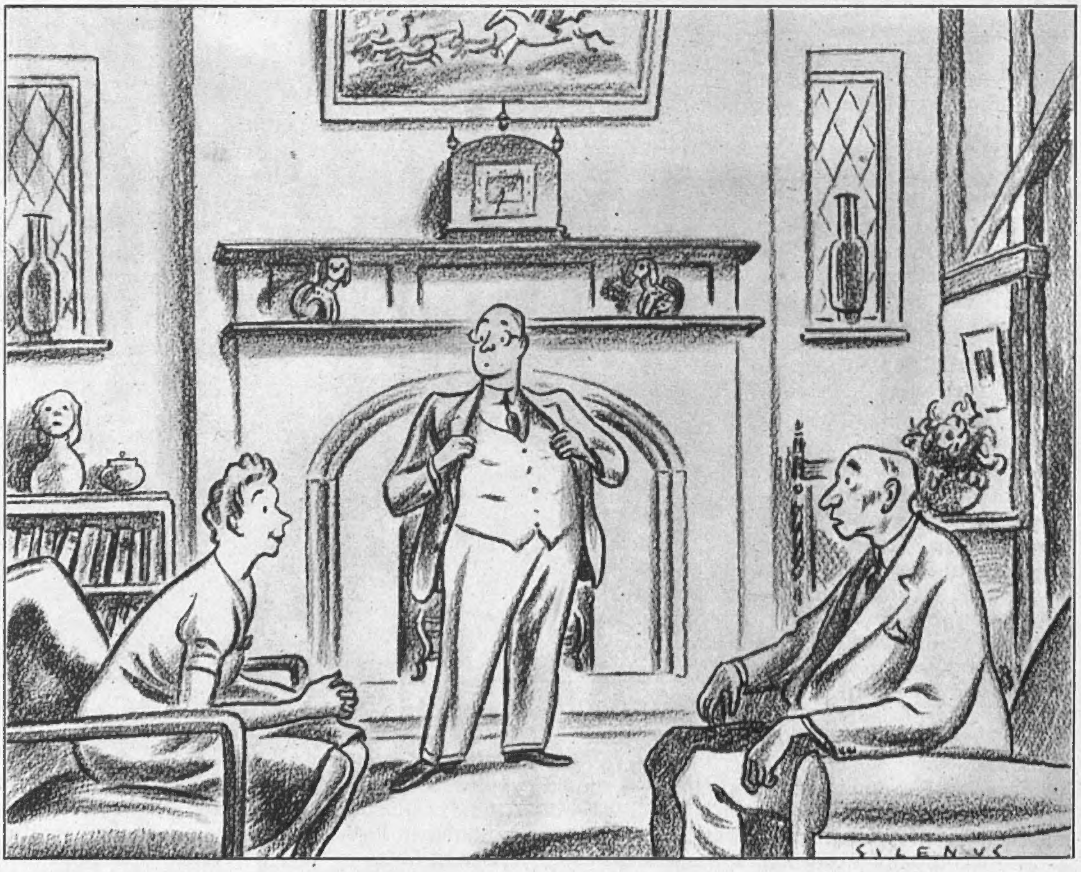
Genuine Antique. This all-pervading Austerity takes so many forms that I hope Sir Stafford, by this time, is almost satisfied with it. Not long ago, a theatrical manager in Australia applied to the Department of Labour for forty sylphs to make a *corps de ballet*. What he got was a corpse de ballet. He was told that they must all be over forty-five. They have been administering restoratives ever since, and, at last advices, the manager was gradually recovering consciousness. Thus the revue artist's dream comes true. I should think that in at least a dozen revues I have seen agile comedians convulsing the house (but not me, I fear) with the rheumatic contortions of ballerinas who had one toe on the boards and the other in the grave. Indeed, I have seen this mirth-provoking spectacle so often that I had assumed it as an axiom of the stage that no ballerina was ever under sixty, so that the view taken by the Australian Department of Labour did not surprise me. I think they were right; it will seriously impair the tone of the ballet—which is to its devotees and "-manes," I understand, a very solemn affair indeed—if all this hopping and skipping and gyrating is left to the irresponsible young things.

No, Thank You! However, the young things *will* crash in, and a large number of them, very young indeed, are crashing at present. More foolhardy babies have insisted on entering this troubled world in the quarter ended last June than at any time since 1930. There were 167,000 of them. It seems a pretty good supply, but all the experts say it is nothing like enough. It only represents a birth-rate of 14 per 1000, and in 1914 it was 23 per 1000, and even that did not satisfy the statisticians. It is very wrong of these infants not to pay more attention to the economists—and apparently even Hitler has not succeeded in making them do so—but, with one thing and another, I cannot find it in my heart to blame them. It is doubtless unpatriotic, but it is not unnatural, for any intelligent baby, having had a look both at the Cock-eyed Old World and the Brave New World, to say, "Not to-day, thank you!"

> **WASTE-PAPER CONSCIOUSNESS.**
> **Paper—one of the great war essentials—still has work to do on the civilian front, but it can be sent into battle-dress in the shortest possible time by good staff work on the part of those who use it. Save every old letter, every envelope, box, carton, or wrapper that comes to your house, and see that the Salvage Men get full measure pressed down—but not running over!—and you will have done one of the most important of your war duties.**

Easy Money. At last I know how to earn an honest penny and avoid paying the Chancellor a halfpenny of it. I am going to hire a fruit-barrow and turn coster. It 's a cinch! Your barrow only costs you 1s. 6d. a day, and you can easily sell £90 worth of fruit a week, with a clear profit of £45. If you are a capitalist, and can run to a little organisation of, say, a dozen barrows, your fortune is made and you can retire to your *otium cum*. All transactions are in cash, so that Sir Kingsley won't know anything about it, and anyhow, he wouldn't be hard on a poor costermonger. Unfortunately, I learned about this, through an omniscient newspaper, too late. The fruit season is now over, and the plutocrats of the barrow hibernate until next May. I am wondering about chestnuts. I must go into it.

No Luck! It has often struck me that the solution of all our problems might be found in a good, hard-hitting comet, and I was interested to read that a new one, with a tail 85,000,000 miles long, was rapidly approaching this earth and would reach its nearest point next February. But alas! all my hopes are dashed. The nearest point is 35,000,000 miles away.



"The Ministry's definitely interested in John's plan for a new weapon, and they've placed it in the hands of a manufacturer to make a muck-up of it!" (DRAWN BY SILENUS.)

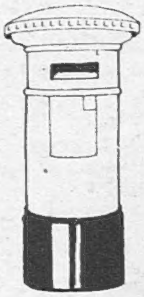
The forty-eighth of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

"I EXPECT YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE TOUGH GUYS FROM THE WIDE OPEN SPACES?"
"NO, LADY. I'M A PIANO-TUNER FROM BOSTON!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

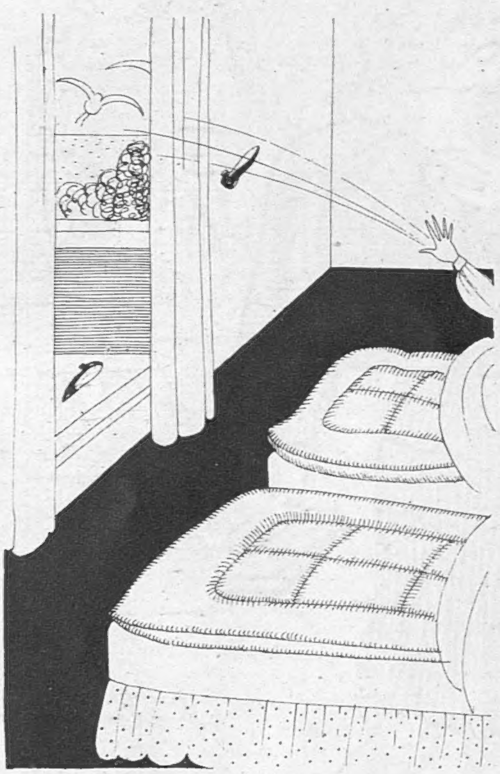
Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—When we adopted Obadiah, our sea-gull, we didn't bargain on his introducing a wife in the spring. However, Mrs. Obadiah proved to be so pretty and elegant, and Obadiah treated her with such consistent cruelty, snatching the daintiest morsels from under her beak, and sometimes even chasing her with angry cries from the roof, that she very soon won our affection and pity. Later in the summer she disappeared altogether, and we hoped that, goaded beyond endurance, she had left him to find happiness with another. Obadiah was once more master of our roof and of the titbits which Matins, his devoted slave, threw to him, regardless of Lord Woolton.

About three weeks ago, Mrs. Obadiah returned with two of the most nauseating children which can ever have been bred on West Country cliff. They are very large and speckled, with hunched shoulders and oafish mien, and they keep up a persistent mewing from early dawn, when they wake us all up, until sunset, when they fly clumsily away with their mother.



" *Throw my bedroom slippers at them . . .* "

Obadiah came once, just once, with them, and walked up and down on the coping with a hint of apology in his cold, yellow eye. Charles leaned out of the window. " My dear Old Man," he said, " I can't tell you how sorry I am about this."

Obadiah gave him a steely look, bent forward until his beak touched the stone between his feet, then, throwing back his head, he opened his beak and uttered peal after peal of cynical laughter. After that he spread his wings and flew away, and we haven't seen him since. Charles says he is living at his Club, and who can blame him ?

But Mrs. Obadiah and the two children come every day. They are very tame. Sometimes in the early morning, when Charles's language becomes too violent, I sit up in bed and throw my bedroom slippers at them, and they flop away; but the next minute they are back, and the maddening mewing begins again. They are still speckled, still hump-backed, and show no signs of emerging from the awkward age.

Mrs. Obadiah adores them. She thinks they are the most wonderful children in the world, and sits on the roof looking neat and dainty while they press their clumsy bodies against her. Sometimes she picks up food and stuffs it into their foolish, half-open beaks. We have given up chasing them away, and are just hoping they will one day stop mewing and grow up into ordinary, sensible birds.

To-day I said to Charles, " Do you think that Bill and the Linnet, who seem so marvellous to us, are as unattractive to other people as the sea-gulls ? "

Charles turned quite pale. " What a horrible idea, Henrietta ! " he said.

" I don't see how we can possibly find out, either."

" Lady B. would tell us."

" She might try to spare us, Charles."

" Possibly. What about Mrs. Savernack ? "

" That 's a good idea. She never spares anybody."

I rushed to the telephone. Mrs. Savernack answered it. " Tell me," I said breathlessly, " what is your candid opinion of Bill and the Linnet ? "

" Quite nice children," said Mrs. Savernack. " Why ? "

" Are you sure ? " I said. " Do other people think they 're all right too ? I mean, is it the general opinion ? "

" Of course it is. To be perfectly candid with you, Henrietta, everybody is astonished that you have been so successful with your children. Most people think Charles must have brought them up on his own."

" Oh, I *am* glad ! "

" Why are you asking these extraordinary questions ? "

" Well, it 's all because of the young sea-gulls."

There was a pause. Then Mrs. Savernack said : " Have you been to see that Nerve Doctor lately ? "

" Not lately, Mrs. Savernack."

" Then it's time you did. Tell Charles I said so," and she rang off.

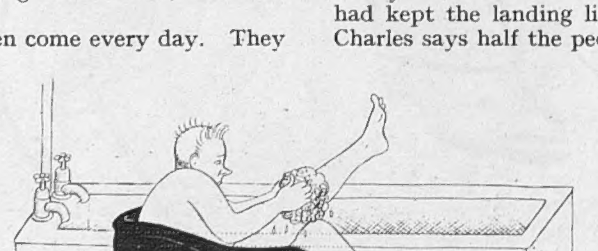
" It 's all right," I said to Charles, putting the receiver back. " Everybody thinks they 're nice. People are surprised, really, and think you must have brought them up."

Charles looked pleased, and said, " Well, of course, I did have Certain Rules which I always insisted upon being obeyed." Then he kissed me lightly on the brow, and left the house.

And the point is that Charles never took the slightest notice of the children when they were little, except to take off his hat when he met their pram.

" *Mrs. Savernack answered it.* "

Little Mrs. Simpkins is so anxious to save electricity that she has taken all the bulbs out of the landing lights. The result is that she has fallen down half a flight and sprained her wrist. Now she has to have infra-red rays on it at the hospital, which uses up more electricity than if she had kept the landing lights burning night and day for a month. Charles says half the people have lost all sense of proportion, not to mention a sense of humour, over the Fuel Target, and the rest aren't taking any notice of it.

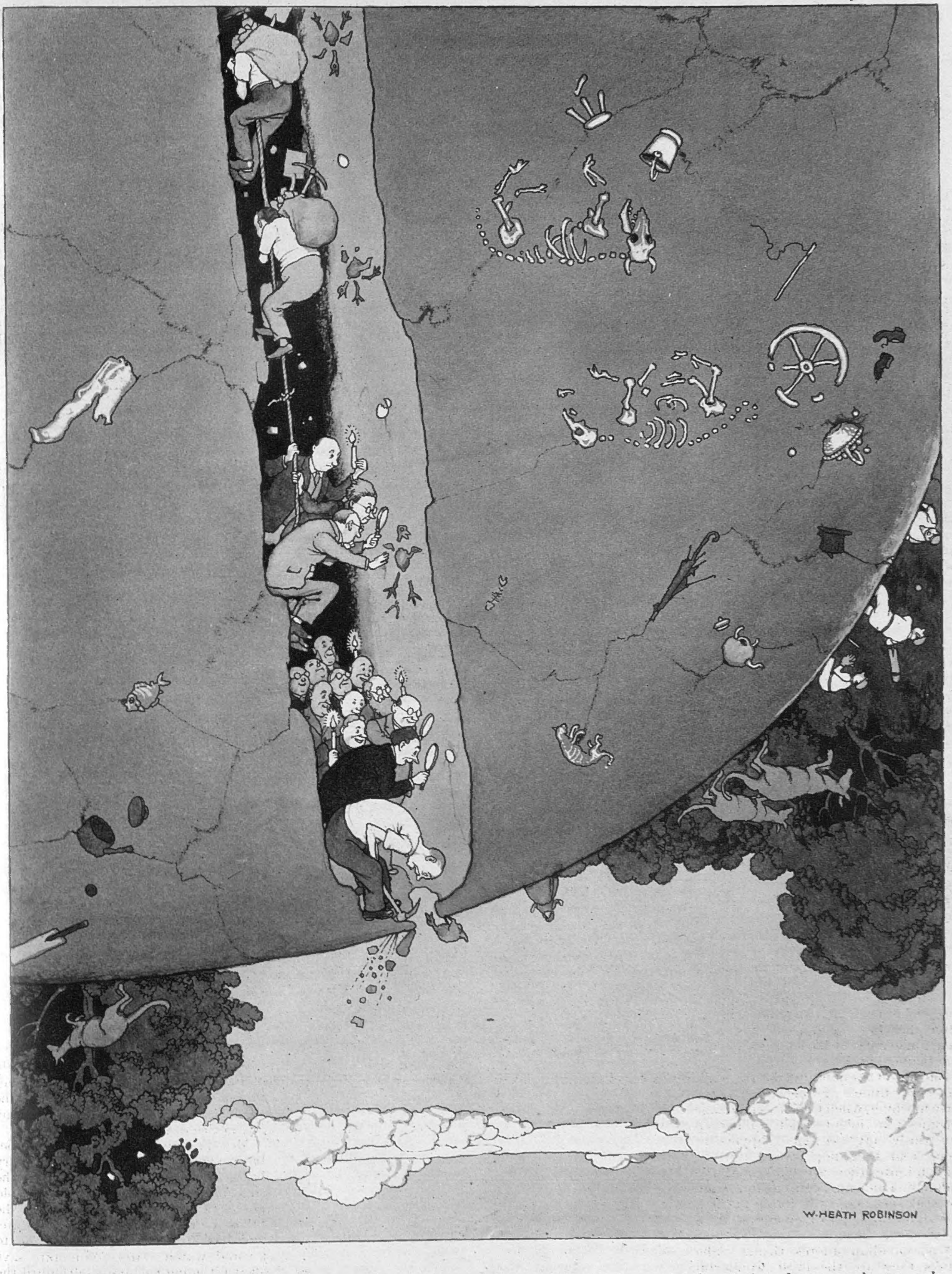


" *Mrs. Savernack has a tiny rubber bath.* "

Mrs. Savernack has a tiny rubber bath, which she puts inside the ordinary bath, with her legs hanging over the edge and her feet resting on the cold porcelain. It sounds frightful, but she takes a great pride in the procedure, and has invited Lady B. and me to go and watch. Mrs. Whinebite says she isn't going to have a bath until the end of the war, but is going to rub sand over herself, like the Arabs.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.



"THE SKETCH" BRAINS TRUST—NO. 11.

A question which has puzzled the scientists of every age is sent us by "Nonagenarian Biologist"—"WHICH CAME FIRST, THE CHICKEN OR THE EGG?" *The investigation started well, but the end is disconcerting!*

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

STAUNCH admirers of John Steinbeck's early book about the *paisanos* of Monterey, "TORTILLA FLAT," may find themselves a little surprised by the dim charm of the film (Empire), which ignores the less savoury aspects of these people's lives, and dwells on the picturesque, the naïve, the lovable. It is a moot point whether this book would ever have been filmed had it not been for the author's later success with "Of Mice and Men" and "The Grapes of Wrath." For "Tortilla Flat" is not essentially of the screen at all. It has little plot. It has no hint of that supernal love so indispensable, we are told, to the customers in the stalls. The script-writers have had to lean over backwards to find a Pulsating Romance amongst these anecdotes of a simple, primitive, but essentially practical folk. They have only done it by segregating the more idealistic qualities of the hero into a separate rôle, and translating into a Hedy Lamarr the softer charms of a lady whose voice "ordinarily was shrill, her face hard and sharp as a hatchet, her figure lumpy and her intentions selfish."

"Tortilla Flat," however, as it has come to the screen, is a pleasant, odd, rather beguiling film, without a suggestion that its picturesque prototypes may have been a bit on the bawdy side. Its setting is new. We have not before encountered the shiftless Spanish-American *paisanos* of Monterey, whose joy is to drink wine, and sing, and lie about in the sun, waiting for the saints to send them their neighbours' hens to eat, and helping the good saints whenever they can. Although the time is modern, the *locale* only a few hundred miles from the California which has grown rich on making films like this, the atmosphere is as remote and special as some tale of the Bas-Pyrénées.

Spencer Tracy, with just a touch of the pictorial fervour of his rôle in "Captains Courageous," plays a gipsy leader whose genius is to organise his friends to his own advantage. Learning that young Danny (John Garfield) has inherited a couple of houses from his grandfather, he moves in, with all his followers. Emotional, simple-hearted, but just constitutionally unable to stop scheming, he unwittingly breaks up Danny's love-affair with a Portuguese girl (Hedy Lamarr) by giving her vacuum-cleaner to another, more profitable, woman. Remorse compels him to undertake a job of work, cutting squids, to buy Danny a fishing-boat, and put the broken romance to rights again.

Mr. Tracy needs no lessons in acting with authority, and his *paisano* leader, if not the most subtle work he has ever done, carries a pleasant film along very pleasantly. John Garfield and Hedy Lamarr have no trouble at all with their simple, tempestuous amours, although Miss Lamarr seems hardly the type to have been unappreciated for long in Tortilla Flat. The most memorable scenes of the film, however, have been given over to Frank Morgan and a troupe of dogs. Mr. Morgan plays a vagabond known as the Pirate, a bearded mystic who fancies he has had a direct instruction from St. Francis to look after the stray dogs of the neighbourhood. The money which he is hoarding to buy a gold candlestick of a thousand days for St. Francis proves at first a grievous temptation, and later, an inspiration, to his friends the *paisanos*. The big scene of the film is the one in which he arranges his dogs, in two seemly rows, in the woods, and tells them the story of St. Francis. At the end of the tale, there is a movement at the top of the giant redwoods. The dogs all gaze up in rapt attention. "Did you see him?" cries the Pirate. "Was it San Francisco? Oh, what good dogs you must be to see a vision." This scene, taken straight from the book, is pure Steinbeck, and adds considerably to the richness of the film.

"BETWEEN US GIRLS" (Leicester Square)—a title which does not appeal to me as either the most seductive or the most sensible of the year—owes a great deal to the youth and freshness of Diana Barrymore, and not a little to the discretion of director Harry Koster, the man who guided Deanna Durbin through her early films.

Koster has the knack of adding charm to the type of story which might in other hands seem merely trivial or rowdy. He is not above cutting capers, but his capers have moderation. The families with whom he likes to deal may be too rich, too remote, may work too little and change their clothes too often; their wits may be feathery, but their instincts are indisputably Nice. Even the oldest spectator may watch a Koster comedy without blushing.

Youth, however, is Koster's speciality and "Between Us Girls" is a tale of youth. In its essence, I fear, it is rather a silly tale. A young, beautiful and, we are led to understand, up-and-coming actress (Diana Barrymore) pays a surprise visit to her mother (Kay Francis) in her new home on Long Island. Mother, it transpires, is, if anything, younger and more beautiful than daughter. She is also up-and-coming, having won the love of a very nice, very rich business man (John Boles), who is just about ready, when the film begins, to pop the question. To save him the shock of learning that his dewy intended is the mother of a twenty-year-old daughter, the actress masquerades as a child of twelve. Fortunately for her, sentiment, or possibly thrift, has prevailed in the family closet. She has no difficulty in finding, free from moth and all ready to hand, the sailor suit, socks and ankle-strap shoes she wore as a child.

The masquerade goes down fine with the business man, who has the kind eyes of one of the larger breeds of dog, and is essentially the trustful type. But he has a young friend, an architect (Robert Cummings), with a highly-developed inquisitive sense. As a boy, we feel sure, he took watches to pieces to see how they worked. Studying the behaviour of this young girl, this little pig-tailed Carrie, he comes to the conclusion that she must be ill-treated, repressed. Altruistically, for all the time he is anxious to be off Going Places with a blonde, he devotes himself to the betterment of her life. He brings her roller-skates, takes her to ice-cream parlours, even appears in a police-court for her sake when she is found promptly and efficiently handling the wheel of a car.

Miss Barrymore, before she reveals herself to him in all her charm and maturity, gives him a grand show. Her child impersonation, to tell the truth, is far more impressive than the Sadie Thompson rôle she is seen rehearsing, or the Joan of Arc stage performance which rounds off the picture. She sprawls, she staggers on her roller-skates, she grimaces, she whimpers, she whistles, she slides down the banisters.

THE BEST THEATRES.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

**Adelphi: "THE DANCING YEARS." Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

***Aldwych: "WATCH ON THE RHINE." Diana Wynyard, Anton Walbrook, Athene Seyler and Valerie Taylor. Anti-Nazis in the U.S.A.

***Apollo: "FLARE PATH." R.A.F. "ops." Phyllis Calvert, Adrianne Allen.

**Cambridge: "WALTZ WITHOUT END." Unexpected version of Chopin's life and music.

**Coliseum: "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK." Revival, with Evelyn Laye.

**Comedy: "MURDER WITHOUT CRIME." Raymond Lovell, well supported.

***Duchess: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward's play. Fay Compton, Kay Hammond; Cecil Parker; Margaret Rutherford.

**Garrick: "WARN THAT MAN." Gordon Harker foils a Fifth Columnist.

** Globe: "THE MORNING STAR." Emlyn Williams in his own raid-nights play. Angela Baddeley.

**Haymarket: "THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA." Vivien Leigh in a Shavian revival. Well cast.

**Hippodrome: "GET A LOAD OF THIS." George Black's surprise musical. Vic Oliver, Jeanne Ravel.

**Palace: "FULL SWING." Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert at their best.

***Phoenix: "THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST." Revival, with John Gielgud, Edith Evans, Cyril Ritchard, Gwen Ffrangcon Davies, Jean Cadell, Peggy Ashcroft.

**Princes: "WILD ROSE." Jessie Matthews and Richard Hearne in lively musical comedy.

**Prince of Wales: "NO ORCHIDS FOR MISS BLANDISH." Well-produced, slick gangsterism. Hartley Power, Linden Travers, Robert Newton.

**St. Martins: "CLAUDIA." Pamela Brown and Hugh Sinclair on an American farm.

**Saville: "FINE AND DANDY." Good show, with Leslie Henson, Stan Holloway, Dorothy Dickson, Douglas Byng.

***Savoy: "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.

**Stoll: "LILAC TIME." Revival, with George Graves, Derek Oldham, Frank Titterton, Irene Eisinger.

*Strand: "NIGHT OF THE GARTER." Revival, with Sydney Howard.

*Vaudeville: "MEN IN SHADOW." Sabotage in France. John Mills.

**Victoria Palace: "TWENTY TO ONE." Laugh-making racing musical play. Lupino Lane; Greta Fayne; Winifred Sloane.

*Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre, to avoid disappointment.

The act is perhaps overdone, but it is overdone with such relish, with such a confiding wink to the audience, that it is always acceptable. One could wish that Miss Barrymore's renowned father could have seen her in this rôle, which she plays with a zest and zingo after his own heart.

"THEY ALL KISSED THE BRIDE" (Regal) has zest too, but perhaps rather the zest of a story-teller who hopes, by abundant gaiety, to make one forget one has heard his tale before. The title has little to do with the plot, the incident referred to concerning only a very minor character, the heroine's sister, and being over and done with in the first few minutes.

The heroine (Joan Crawford) is one of those modern career women, the Big Boss of some haulage company specialising in refrigerating vans. Smart, snappy and self-sufficient, her heart is as cold as her refrigerators until an author (Melvyn Douglas) finds himself in the happy position of being able to sue her for assault, defamation of character and false arrest—an opportunity which has come to few authors of my acquaintance. Since love intervenes, the action is withdrawn, but not before the rich girl has mixed with the proletariat and learnt to appreciate the beauty of life on a wage—a lesson which seems easier somehow when you have a mink coat and all the trimmings.

Waking up one morning after a hectic party in Margaret's flat, Michael Holmes (MELVYN DOUGLAS) finds the other guests have put him to bed dressed in the cook's nightgown.

Jitterbug winners of "They All Kissed the Bride" (Regal) are JOAN CRAWFORD as Margaret Drew, company owner who visits incognito her employees' dance, and ALLEN JENKINS as Johnny Johnson. The story shows the development of Margaret from hard-bitten money-making business woman to ardent lover in the arms of Michael Holmes, played by Melvyn Douglas.

A sombre piece called "MOONTIDE" (Odeon) has been chosen for the Hollywood début of the fine French actor, Jean Gabin. Translation to the American seems to have left Gabin singularly unchanged, and the studios have wisely used no artifice to glamorise him, to soften the lines of that rugged face, or to turn him into the sort of model endorsed by the gents' outfitters.

Gabin plays Bobo, a hanger-on at bars and cheap lodging-houses along the Pacific water-front. A hardened vagrant, he yet finds that domesticity may have its charm when he rescues a forlorn girl (Ida Lupino) from suicide. He takes her to his bait-barge, a kind of homely house-boat moored to a dock. There they plan to marry, live, reform and even work, selling live-bait. But Bobo, alas, in his unregenerate days, has mingled in very queer company. A blackmailer (Thomas Mitchell), a glorious, hateful, superlative kind of villain, is at hand to break up the young couple's happiness. Handy, too, is the tank of live-bait, and it is inevitable that the blackmailer should push the bride into this at last. Not quite at last, however, for the girl, although battered, is saved, and Bobo, stalking the villain along a breakwater, so works on his coward's soul that he plunges most satisfactorily to a watery grave. A good, grim film, "Moontide," with the proper horrid chill.

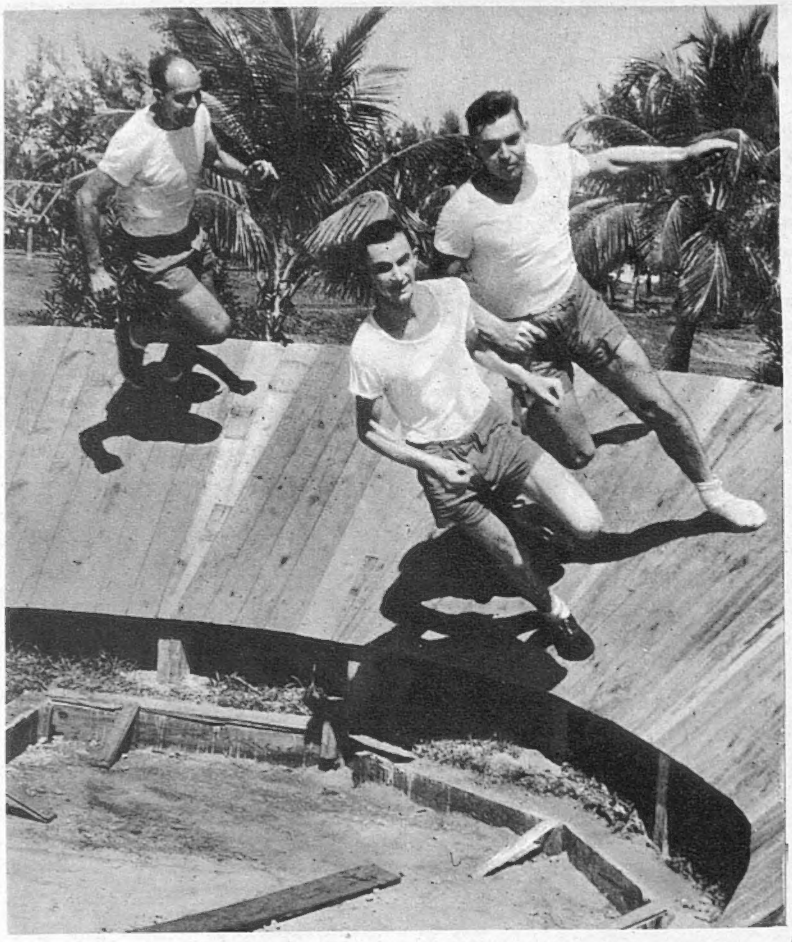
As dancing queen of the aircraft workers, ANN MILLER stars in "Priorities on Parade" (Plaza). The film, centring round an aircraft factory and a dance band leader, has a bright plot, hit tunes and fascinating dance sequences.

"YANKEE DOODLE DANDY" (Warner) turns up as a last-minute item, and seems a happy note on which to end this article. Although the hero of this musical biography, George M. Cohan, is possibly insufficiently known on this side of the Atlantic, the record of his stage career, his family life and the music and lyrics which he gave to generations of Americans, affords an entertainment that has both gusto and nostalgia, gaiety and the somewhat wistful charm of days that really were the days, and numbers that were melodies.

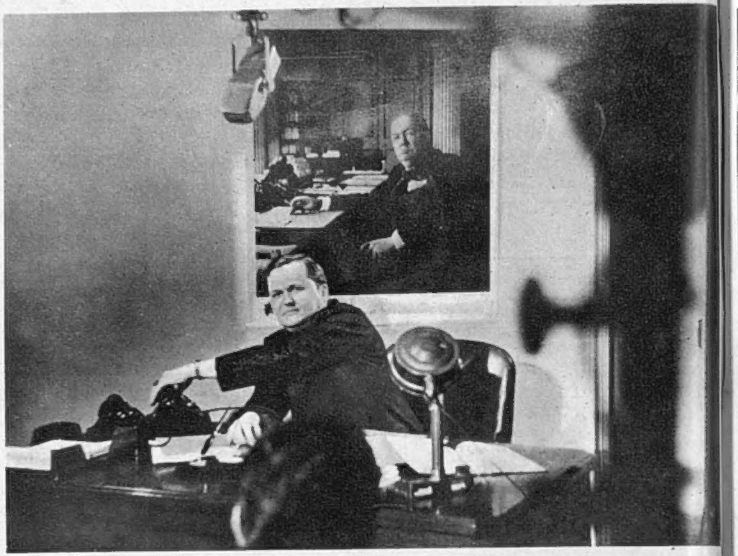
The Cohan life-story is framed in a flash-back. President Roosevelt (back view only, voice amazingly reproduced by a Captain Jack Young) has decided, it seems, to give George M. Cohan a medal. For his "contribution to the American spirit," particularly as evidenced in his songs "Over There" and "Grand Old Flag," the veteran actor-composer-lyricist is summoned to the White House, and there he gives the President a two-hour résumé of his experiences.

His memories, a little slender on the personal side, are fortunately rich in expositions of song and dance, details of big shows long gone, snatches of tunes like "Mary" that captivate the ear and soothe the mind. "The fellow's got the golden touch," someone says of Cohan in the film —and "Yankee Doodle Dandy" is fortunate in a star, James Cagney, who seems to have the golden touch as well. Cagney, it has been too often forgotten in the grim bustle of his screen career, is a sturdy, all-round trouper. He can dance. He can put a number across with gaiety and zest. He is a formidable showman, with a technique that ranges from the cockiest comedy to a pathos that is the more effective because it is so subtly under-sketched. "Yankee Doodle Dandy" is his chance to use all these talents—to dance, and perform, to strut, and yet be touching too. A good film in very many ways, it is probably most memorable as a Cagney triumph.

THEATRICAL, SOCIAL AND PERSONAL NOTABLE PEOPLE AND



CLARK GABLE (*right; front*) *runs round a wooden track as part of his P.T. exercises at an Officers' Training School in Miami.*



Scene from "WE SAIL AT MIDNIGHT," *officially sponsored* "*lease-lend*" *film.* MR. NELSON CALDWELL, *of the British Supply Council, sends out good news by telephone from his office. Note the Premier's picture.*

MISS JOAN FELLOWES, *daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Carol Fellowes, The Home Farm, Wrotham Park, Barnet, is engaged to Captain Geoffrey Homer, R.C.A.M.C.*

MISS BARBARA JOAN HULTON, *daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Hulton, is engaged to Captain J. E. V. Butterfield, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, son of Lieut.-Colonel E. Butterfield.*

VISCOUNTESS SELBY *posed with her infant son, the* HON. MICHAEL GUY JOHN GULLY, *after his House of Commons Crypt christening. His sisters,* HELEN ALEXANDRA *and* AUDREY LUCILLE, *are admiring him.*

SIR EDWARD JACKSON, *Lieutenant-Governor of Malta, and* LADY JACKSON *at the Ministry of Information. Sir Edward paid tribute to the people of the George Cross Island. Over 3000 raid alerts have been sounded there.*

COMMUNIQUÉ BY PHOTOGRAPHY: SOME OF THEIR ACTIVITIES.

ADMIRAL the EARL OF CORK AND ORRERY *opened an exhibition in London organised by the British Sailors' Society. He and the* COUNTESS OF CORK *are watching moving models of a convoy.*

JANE CARR *as Countess Wanda in "Waltz Without End," musical romance to Chopin music at the Cambridge Theatre. Ivor Sheridan plays Chopin.*

MISS MARION PATRICIA BURNHAM, *elder daughter of Mr. Cecil Burnham, is to marry Captain F. M. Bennett, younger son of Sir Ernest Bennett, M.P., at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, on October 31.*

SUBALTERN SUZANNE IRWIN, A.T.S., *youngest daughter of Colonel T. S. Irwin, is engaged to Captain the Hon. James Allen David Woodhouse, the Royal Norfolk Regiment, elder son of Lord and Lady Terrington.*

"THE DUKE IN DARKNESS," *at the St. James's, is Patrick Hamilton's costume play. The Duke* (LESLIE BANKS ; *l.*) *and Gribaud* (MICHAEL REDGRAVE ; *r.*) *are with Voulain* (HUGH BURDEN). *The acting is admirable.*

COMMANDER SIR CHARLES MADDEN, BT., R.N., *eldest son of the late Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Madden, married* MISS OLIVE ROBINS, *daughter of the late Mr. G. W. Robins, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street.*

NUSON'S COUP.*

By W. DUDLEY.

IN a large seaport town, before the war, two criminals sat opposite each other. "You 've done what?" asked Roke, and was so astonished that he paused with his glass half-way to his lips.

"Taken a little tobacconist's," replied Nuson.

Roke swallowed the drink.

"You mean you 've turned honest?" he sneered.

Nuson ignored the question as one unworthy of an answer.

"I haven't bought the tobacconist's," he stated. "But when I saw it was for sale, I promised to buy it, if, after a month's trial, I found the turnover satisfactory. I start the trial next week."

"But what 's the idea?" asked Roke, puzzled, as he poured himself another drink.

Nuson lit a cigarette before replying. Like most criminals, he had nothing of the criminal in his appearance. His looks were average, he wore a suit of good cloth, and could easily have passed for a successful shopkeeper.

"I 'll tell you a bit more," he said. "Five hundred yards from the tobacconist's is Rawson's the ships' outfitters. A quarter of a mile in the other direction is the Alliance Bank; and at two-thirty every Friday afternoon the head clerk leaves Rawson's to draw the firm's pay from that bank. He walks; for, as I 've explained, the bank is only half a mile away. On his way to and from the bank he, of course, passes the tobacconist's."

"Well?" said Roke, mixing his third drink.

"Well," continued Nuson. "Rawson's have a contract that expires next week, but they 're behind, so they 're working overtime to complete it. Therefore, their present pay-roll is exceptionally heavy, for they have nearly a thousand employees. There 's the weekly wages and all the overtime on top. The money must run into several thousands."

"That 's clear enough," admitted Roke. "But where does it get you?"

"Never mind. This is my job, not yours, and I 'm telling you about it only because—well, is it worth two hundred quid for you to call at that tobacconist's in your car, run me down to the waterside and across the Channel in that launch of yours? And to keep your mouth shut afterwards?"

"Two hundred for a job like that?" replied Roke. "I 'm on!"

"Right!" said Nuson. "Good enough. Three p.m. Friday week is the time I want you at that tobacconist's. And don't you fail me! Another thing: ease up on the booze. You 've had three while I 've been here. So-long."

At two-thirty Friday week, Rawson's, the ships' outfitters, sent their head clerk to the bank to draw the firm's wages. As he passed the tobacconist's shop, he saw a stranger—Nuson—looking through the window.

"Must be the new proprietor," he mused, and thought no more of the matter.

But when he was returning with the money in his bag, Nuson, standing in the shop's doorway, called out casually: "I say, old chap, there 's a box of cigarettes here your manager ordered. Mind taking them back with you?"

The clerk's reaction was the natural one. "Sure, I 'll take them," he said. "Don't mind a bit."

"Much obliged," smiled Nuson. "Just step inside, and I 'll let you have them—and a couple of cigars for your trouble."

He stood aside to allow the clerk to enter, and at the same time he glanced along the street. He saw with satisfaction that no customer was likely within the next few seconds, so . . . a dull, muffled sound, much like a fist striking an angry blow on a table, and a cry that ceased in its utterance . . . and Nuson had shut the shop and dragged the unconscious clerk behind the counter. Then he pulled a curtain across the lower half of the window.

He had hit the clerk with a length of wood sawn from the pole used for dragging down the shop's window-shade. Such had been his nervous haste that he held the weapon yet, but he now laid it aside and took the bag still clutched convulsively in the clerk's hand. Then with a piece of cord he bound and gagged him.

"I don't want him to make a fuss if he wakes up before I get away," he muttered.

The clerk's face was so white that Nuson paused in the very act of moving away, and stood motionless, staring down with a face suddenly as white as the clerk's own.

"Did—did I hit too hard?" he stuttered.

Although he knew he was alone, he glanced guiltily around him, while the pink tip of his tongue peeped out and drifted slowly round his lips. He took a pace forward, hesitated . . . then, with a suddenly resolute effort, he knelt and inserted a hand above the clerk's heart. There was a steady beating. Nuson sighed with relief.

"Gave me a scare," he whispered. "But he 's all right."

He rose briskly to his feet, returned to the living-room, slit open the clerk's bag and put the money in his own case.

His preparations were now complete, so he glanced at his watch and recalled the arrangements he had made with his friend Roke.

"Roke 's due with his car at three," he mused. "It 's now two-fifty-eight, so he 'll be here any minute. And the sooner I get out of here, on his launch and across the Channel, the better for me."

At three p.m. he put on his overcoat, placed his case and hat ready on the table, and listened for the arrival of Roke's car. But it did not come. Three-fifteen, and still no Roke. With every minute vital, he was late. The clerk would have been missed by now and enquiries made at the bank.

"Well, no one saw him come in here," reflected Nuson. "I 'm sure of that. And—yes, they may think he has bolted with the money! Such things *have* happened." It was a consoling thought, and he dwelt on it with satisfaction.

Three-thirty came; but no Roke. By now Nuson was almost hysterical with the long, nerve-racking wait. He stood up, sat down, stood up again, lit a cigarette, but hurled it into the fire after only a few feverish puffs. Then he began to walk up and down, raging——

"Roke 's let me down, the dirty tyke! He never meant to come." He cursed Roke vilely; then, as calmness temporarily asserted itself: "But p'raps he 's had trouble with the car. I wish I knew how to use that launch of his. I wouldn't wait for him—I 'd make a dash to the bay and collar the launch myself. Suppose I hire one? No, too risky. Boatmen might talk." Suddenly he snapped his fingers and exclaimed: "I know why Roke hasn't turned up!" And his eyes shrank to vicious slits, for he remembered with goading clearness Roke at their last meeting sitting opposite him . . . drinking! "He 's got drunk, the swine! I told him to ease up on the booze when I was with him. That 's it, right enough. He 's got drunk and forgotten the appointment. He 's let me down!"

He snatched up his case and rushed from the backdoor of the shop. "I 'll sober him up!" vowed Nuson, as he hurried along. "And sober him up in a way he won't like! Let me down, will he? Not turn up, eh?"

But Nuson was wrong. Roke was not drunk. He had meant to keep the appointment, but had been prevented by a series of simple happenings. He awoke feverish and with a bad headache.

"Touch of 'flu," he diagnosed, as he dressed. "But I must last the day out. Got to call for Nuson at three and take him across the Channel. I wouldn't like to fail him—nasty fellow when his back 's up."

At noon he prepared himself a meal, but had eaten only half of it when he pressed his hands to his temples.

"My head's like a lump of lead! I 'm sleepy, too. I 'll make a strong cup of coffee and take some aspirins after it. That should set me up all right."

He lit his gas-ring and placed over it a saucepan of milk, put the coffee in the pot, and sat down to wait while the milk boiled. Presently his head drooped, jerked up, drooped again. Mother Nature, struggling with an onset of 'flu, was not to be denied. He fell asleep. And the milk boiled, rose in the saucepan as milk does, flooded over, and put out the gas. There were only two sounds in the room: Roke's breathing and the hiss of escaping gas from the unlit gas-ring.

Gradually, Roke's breathing changed. It became slower . . . slower yet, while into his face crept a faint blueness. Then he choked, harshly, gutturally, and commenced a long, thick breath that he never completed, for his lungs, gas-filled, collapsed with an abrupt and final gasp. His jaw dropped, his eyelids rolled up and showed the eyes fixed and staring.

And now there was only one sound in the room: the hiss of escaping gas.

The dusk of a winter's evening had closed on Roke's house when Nuson knocked. He knocked twice, but got no reply.

"Too squiffy to move!" he growled. "Wait till I get my hands on him, he 'll move!"

He went round to the side door, shouldered it open, and entered. The darkness inside was no handicap to him, for frequent visits had made him familiar with the house. He stole softly upstairs.

"I 'll sober Mr. Roke up inside half a minute," he muttered. Then broke off to sniff: "Gas! The fool! So tight he can't even turn off his gas, the drunken lout!" In the darkness he groped for the handle of Roke's room. "Let me down, eh? By gosh, I 'll hammer him sober! Roke!" he yelled, flung open the door of the dark, gas-filled room and, in his blind, unthinking fury, he struck a match——

THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

BRIDE OF A ROMANOV.

The marriage of Prince Andrew of Russia, eldest son of the late Grand Duke Alexander of Russia and of the Grand Duchess Xenia, to MISS NADINE McDOUGALL, *eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Herbert McDougall, of Cawston Manor, Norfolk, and of Mrs. McDougall, of Provender, Faversham, took place recently. The bride wore a lovely wedding dress of white slipper satin and a high Russian head-dress of pearls. There were two services, one at St. Mary's, Norton, Faversham, at which the Archbishop of Canterbury officiated, and a second, according to the rites of the Russian Orthodox Church, at Sheldwich Church, when the Archimandrite Nicholas officiated. Prince Dmitri of Russia, brother of the bridegroom, was best man; and the bride was attended by her nephew, Viscount Throwley, who acted as trainbearer, and by two pages, Robert Mercer and Jeremy Leigh-Pemberton.* [PHOTOGRAPH BY HARLIP.]

What does the word "Invasion" make the candidates think of? Trying out reactions on psycho-analytical lines.

Practice in impromptu speaking: a candidate holds forth on whether "Saluting is a Waste of Time" or not.

SPOTTING THE LEADER—BY PSYCHOLOGY AND PSYCHIATRY.

This obstacle must be crossed without being touched by the competitor—hence the need for making an improvised "trestle."

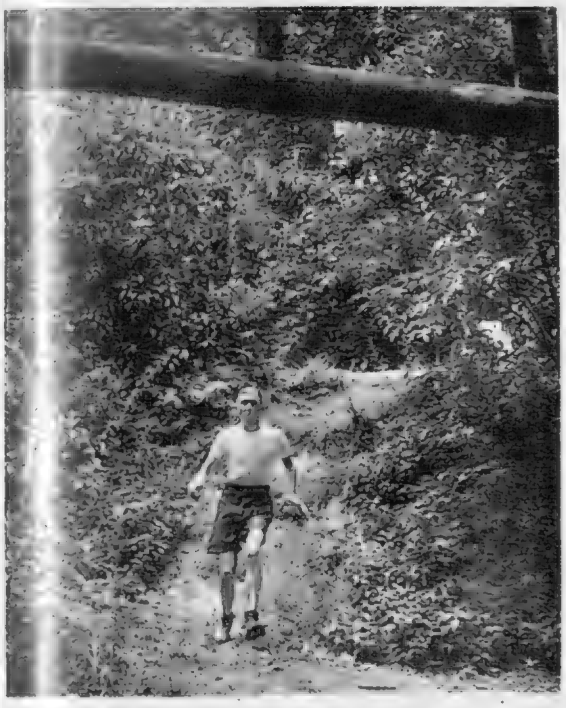
Over he goes without touching the "dangerous" wires: the candidate jumps off the wood pile he has neatly constructed.

Left: The water jump—a candidate, at a square representing a fast-running stream, pauses to consider tactics and decide the best method of getting across and continuing his journey.

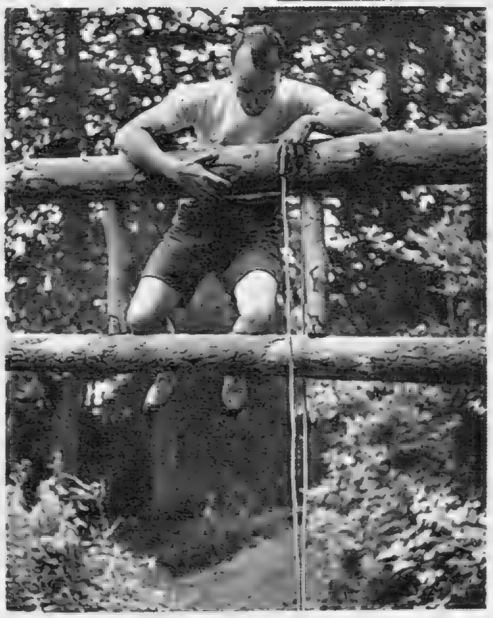
Right: Memory test—after getting through the obstacle race the candidate has to recite verbatim the message he brought, having learnt it by heart during the gruelling course.

At the end of the course: the Selection Board adds up the scores of the different candidates in order to make their final decision.

Trying out the skill and nerve of the future officer: a competitor crosses a "ravine" by means of two wire cables.



During the obstacle test: a candidate nearly misses a high-slung square log frame that he must pass through.



A difficult operation: the candidate has passed through the log square and is about to let himself down to earth again.

OFFICERS in the British Army are not chosen by old-school-tie methods, but by the latest psychological means. Spotting the Leader is now an extremely exact science, for men who are recommended for commissions can be tested for intelligence, qualities of leadership, ingenuity when faced by difficulties, and physical courage and endurance. The first unit for the important work of Officer Selection was established in Scotland and has now been working long enough fully to have proved its value, so a number of such units are now in operation. Military testing officers live with the candidates and watch them go through the tests designed to elucidate their stamina, behaviour in emergencies and ability to solve simple practical problems in the field. The Psychiatric Interview is an important feature of the procedure. Group intelligence testing is a routine, and the obstacle race is an important item in the programme. Those taking part in the tests come from every type of unit or arm, and it is claimed that these modern methods infallibly indicate the right type of man to lead his fellows.

Left: Cornering a spy: two candidates round up a "dangerous customer" and bring him to bay in an old barn during one of the elaborate tests.

Right: Puzzling out a conundrum in the Matrix Test: a candidate engaged on one of the many intelligence tests. Intricate designs and patterns are features of this particular problem.

serted in this issue.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

"MISS AMERICA," for being probably the "last gasp in municipal exhibitionism for the duration."

JO-CARROLL DENNISON, *1942's "Miss America," may be the last of these Transatlantic beauties to win the national title till the Hun is ousted from his ill-gotten "protectorates." An American contemporary comments: "After all, the British have stopped dressing for dinner!"; and this world-famous contest may disappear with hunting, ski-ing, and the Olympic Games till peace looms on the horizon. This year's choice was a popular one with hundreds of U.S. Army, Navy and Air Force men who helped to swell the crowd of 3500 clustered together at Atlantic City for the show. She is a Texas girl of eighteen, whose proportions are emphasised by these three silhouettes: 22 in. waist; 34½ in. hips; 18½ in. thighs; and 34 in. bust. She can ride a horse, rope a steer, broil a steak, and at the scene of her triumph she very suitably sang the song of her country, "Deep in the Heart of Texas." Twenty-nine other beauties competed, and Miss Dennison had a close runner-up in Bette Brunk, of Chicago. In fact, it was a "skin-tight" contest.*

Carrie Bishop (DIANA BARRYMORE), *heroine of "Between Us Girls," is a young actress whose performance as Queen Victoria is a stage high-spot.*

When Carrie's not playing Queen Victoria she gives a fine masquerade as a romping twelve-year-old child. She is with Jimmy Blake (ROBERT CUMMINGS).

And here you see DIANA BARRYMORE *looking her own real age, as Carrie Bishop, the twenty-one-year-old heroine of the picture at the Leicester Square Theatre.*

QUEEN VICTORIA AND ROMPING HOYDEN BY DIANA BARRYMORE.

"BETWEEN US GIRLS," new Universal picture presented at the Leicester Square Theatre, gives Diana Barrymore the whale of a part as a young actress whose most famous rôle is that of Queen Victoria in her old age. She gives another brilliant performance of a different kind in order to bolster up her mother's pose as a young woman, for she pretends to be a badly-brought-up, troublesome little girl of twelve for the benefit of a potential step-father.

Chris (KAY FRANCIS) *has concealed the possession of a grown-up daughter from her fiancé, so Carrie joins in the plot and plays the pig-tailed schoolchild.*

And here mother Chris and daughter Carrie are seen as they really are; and registering alarm and despondency, too, for their plot has been discovered.

Carrie puts over a remarkably convincing performance as a naughty twelve-year-old. Jimmy Blake and the Father of the Boys (GUINN WILLIAMS) *are in the centre.*

Jimmy tries to get a quick look at the photograph, which Carrie is trying to hide from her mother's fiancé, Steve (JOHN BOLES). *It is her own portrait and gives away her age.*

CROWDED HOURS OF THE FLYING-BOAT:

Much of the action of "Coastal Command" centres round thi[s] ... was being made, during a heavy storm at a remote station i[n]

The gunnery officer spots an aircraft away to starboard. It turns out to be a Ju. 88 coming in to attack.

HERE, in the new film "Coastal Command" (Plaza and Carlton), is a M.O.I. epic of the work done by our flying-boat men on their ordinary routine job. In preparing the film, the Crown Film Unit camera-crews spent hundreds of thrilling hours in the air in Sunderlands, Catalinas, Beaufighters and Hudsons, filming the crews as they carried out their duties in icy weather. The story begins with evening at Portferry Bay, a remote flying-boat station in the Outer Hebrides. A radio programme is interrupted by a loud-speaker announcement from the Operations Room: the crew of Sunderland "T for Tommy" must report on board immediately. Campbell, Captain of "T for Tommy," attends the briefing, and twenty minutes later the huge flying-boat takes off. All night long it flies round, keeping watch over the convoy. Dawn breaks; again they count the number of ships in convoy; cups of tea go round. A gunner spots a Focke-Wulf to starboard, and Campbell opens the throttles and gives chase, but the enemy bolts into a cloud. "Probably spotting for a U-boat," is the comment received in "Ops" Room. Their watch ended, a Catalina is sent to take over; on its way it spots a U-boat, and pauses to drop bombs. This delays the Catalina and she arrives a moment before Campbell's departure through petrol shortage. The next trip is a result of an Admiralty

[*Continued opposite.*

Here is a replica of the actual map in the Operations Room of Coastal Command. In the foreground is the plotter at the navigation table, while the plotter's assistant on the ladder moves the symbols on the map according to her instructions.

Left: The Beauforts get ready to take off.

Right: A member of the crew of the Sunderland in the "cooking department" calls up a colleague.

A WEEK WITH "COASTAL COMMAND."

Sunderland flying-boat, which was nearly lost while the film Scotland. Its captain is a Squadron Leader from Australia.

" Estimate one direct hit," radios the wireless operator of this Catalina flying-boat, which also plays an important part in the film.

Continued.]
report: a surface raider, the "Düsseldorf," is snooping around. A Catalina spots the ship making full speed ahead westward for the Atlantic convoy route. The controller gets going: the "Düsseldorf's" position is plotted on the great map; the shadowing Catalina is replaced by the stand-by "T for Tommy" Sunderland from Portferry Bay. Beauforts are ordered from Iceland to cut down the raider's speed, to give naval ships a chance of coming up. They will be followed by Hudson bombers. The Catalina still shadows the enemy. The Beauforts go in to attack, skimming low over the water through a storm of "flak." Two torpedoes miss, but the third scores a hit near the stern. Campbell is still on his way; the Beaufort's port engine is hit, and she has to go home. For a time the "Düsseldorf" is lost, but Campbell picks her up again; she has doubled in her tracks, and is making for home, with her speed badly reduced. Now the Hudsons come in. Three direct hits are scored, and a good fire started aft. The naval forces close in, and the "Düsseldorf" is sunk. And on goes "T for Tommy" roaring over the sea, "flak" pouring from the raider, with wounded gunners and a leaking petrol-pipe—a week's work well done, and after that: "No leave for us!" says Campbell, "we take off for West Africa at dawn on Thursday."

Inside the Sunderland, two of the air-gunners are ready at their posts.

Right: A bullet has holed the petrol-pipe, causing a leak. One of the crew of the Sunderland gets to work on it.

A misreading : INSTRUCTOR HENRIETTA GREENHOOD *corrects a student who has made a mistake.*

At work on the script for a ballet : students learn how to write dance movements.

Reading dance script and executing the movements written in symbol language : students of the Hanya Holm School.

THE language of movement can be written down, just as the language of music and the language of speech are set down in notation and script, and our photographs show a popular method devised in America for the use of ballet students. Rudolf von Laban, dancer and teacher, devoted considerable time to the production of a form of dance notation in which the position of the various parts of the body, and the time and

[*Continued opposite.*

Right : With the notation laid out on the floor, students can read and execute a dance just as a pianist would play from music.

HOW ALL WHO DANCE MAY READ AS THEY GO:

Students performing a dance learnt from notation: Instructor Henrietta Greenhood is checking them by the script.

Setting up a dance sequence in notation on the floor of the studio: INSTRUCTORS HANYA HOLM and HENRIETTA GREENHOOD.

The notation is in the centre, and this group of students are interpreting it, while their teacher checks their movements.

Continued.]
rhythm of the movements could be indicated by means of symbols, and the Bureau of Dance Notation in the United States has done much to spread his gospel. Our photographs were taken at the Hanya Holm School of the Dance, where the reading of ballet notation is one of the subjects taught. The students are seen in our interesting photographs interpreting dances from the symbols and learning how to "write out a ballet" before learning to perform it.

Left: Studying her dance notation: how STUDENT SUZANNE WOODFIN learns a new dance movement.

STUDENTS INTERPRETING SCRIPT INTO STEPS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

"THE CHILDREN" is a sequel to Nina Fedorova's deservedly popular story "The Family." Hemmed in by the Japanese, Lida and her mother are still living in Tientsin, on very short commons. In the intervals of thinking about Jimmy in America, Lida is studying to become a singer; she gives one or two concerts, and there is no doubt of her talent. A handsome and eligible Spaniard makes love to her, but without avail. She is a charming, gentle creature, full of a sense of the mystery of life, responsive to every influence and often bewildered, but keeping the faith in the possibility of happiness that had been implanted in her by Mother Abbess. Meanwhile, Lida's mother works at a hospital for a pittance. As they are both desperately poor, her daughter had wondered why she did not look for easier work with higher pay. The answer, she realised, was that her mother was indifferent, as far as a human being can be, to money; what she cared for was to promote good relations between people, the brotherhood of man.

The visible pattern of human relations—races, riches, educational standards—will always *divide* people, but there has always been, there is, there always will be, an inner pattern as well, uniting them as a whole. This is based on emotion, on a mysterious feeling of the brotherhood of all living souls, on pity, on love. . . . . Although nations, governments and societies are painstakingly looking for better ways—in wars, collisions, competitions and the like—the way lies open to individuals. One is free to be kind, to be noble, even to be a saint—everywhere, always. There are no obstacles which can prevent one from being good, and they can never be invented.

Charity and Its Limitations. Such is Lida's conviction. It was put to a hard test when she encountered Helen ("Manicure, Pedicure, Beauty. Come In"), the wife of Vladimir Petrov, a friend of the family's. Nina Fedorova's belief in goodness is by no means mawkish or sentimental, nor does it deprive her of a severely objective outlook on people and events; she would not be Russian if it did. "The Children" is full of characters in whom the seed of goodness can only be discovered by a discerning eye. The rich, the self-righteous, the materially-minded, always arouse her suspicions. Miss Grouse, Mrs. Brown and Mr. Pitcher, local nabobs, are described with an understanding mind, perhaps, but with an unfriendly eye. "Both Pitchers' presence produced the effect of a cold shower offered precisely at the moment when one is longing for a bit of warmth," but Mrs. Pitcher, perhaps because she is a Russian, gets more sympathy from the author than does her English husband, a man so sterile mentally and emotionally, that in the whole of ten years he had never been heard to say anything except "Of course." "We Russians," says one of the characters, "are not a very good people, not the best. . . . But we are real, natural, almost never hypocrites. . . . We accept life."

The Red and the White. It might be Tchehov speaking. Nina Fedorova shares his point of view, though she is more explicit about it than he is. As a White Russian, one would not expect her to have much sympathy with the Bolshevik régime; but Dasha, Lida's young Communist friend, is a noble creature, fiery, confident, self-immolating; she gives a good account of herself in argument, and is only killed off, we suspect, because the author can no longer find room in her pages for such a disturbing element. For Dasha is intolerant, and intolerance is against Nina Fedorova's creed. Its warmth of nature and humanity of spirit make "The Children" a delightful and refreshing story, especially in these times, when the value of such qualities is liable to be overlooked. I must not leave it without a word of appreciation for the writer's humour, omnipresent but particularly noticeable in the episode of the fortune-teller and the naughty boys. Construction is not her strong point and her English is still a little faulty; there are a good many slips that might have been put right without injuring the pleasing originality of her style.

A Hungarian in Occupied France. You could hardly expect Mr. Peter de Polnay to be tolerant. The experiences he records in "Death and Tomorrow," the way he was treated by friend and foe alike, would be enough to make any man a misanthrope. Yet he is not. A Hungarian subject brought up in England, with a better knowledge of our language than most Englishmen can boast, he was living in France when the war broke out. Almost his first act was to try to enlist in the French Army. When, in spite of his efforts, he was not called to the colours, he repaired to his flat in Montmartre to await events.

The story of the fall of France has been told many times, though never more vividly than it is here. But comparatively few people have been in a position to tell, or to publish to the English-speaking world, what happened afterwards. Mr. de Polnay is; when not shut up in French or Spanish prisons he used his eyes and ears to the best possible effect over a period of fourteen months.

In this record of what I saw and heard [he says] and what happened to me, I shall tell only the truth. Not because I 'm not a good liar, but simply because the truth was more overwhelming than anything I, a professional story-teller, could invent.

The Germans in Paris. A man of sociable and convivial habit, he consorted with all and sundry in Paris—indeed, he calculates that he must have talked to upwards of a thousand Germans. To be in Paris was the dream of their lives; it made them lachrymose with pleasure; when, being out of funds, he was reduced to peddling a friend's pictures, they swarmed round him. So busy were they tasting this honey-pot, which had fallen to them in less than a month, that they forgot to reorganise their plans and put off the idea of invading England until it was too late. The French, tired of misgovernment at home, gave the invaders a warmer welcome than they could possibly have expected. But it did not last long. Otto Abetz and his collaborators, German and French, had prepared the ground well, but the fact of conquest, as distinct from the idea of it, soon proved irksome. Mr. de Polnay found ready listeners to the anti-German rumours and reports he busily put about; ready readers (though the penalty for picking one up was death) for the leaflets which he composed and, with the help of an agent who was subsequently shot, distributed among the people.

Now in imminent danger of arrest, he had one object—to get to England. The undertaking took him nearly a year and involved many months of imprisonment, first in Marseilles, then in Spain. The horror of these incarcerations is made much more impressive by the stoicism with which Mr. de Polnay endured them. Hardly a groan of self-pity escapes him, and yet there is no tedious stiffening of the upper lip. He never plays the hero or the martyr, even to himself. Implacable in his hatred of the Germans, to the venal riff-raff of Marseilles who betrayed and betrayed him, he is extremely forgiving. His sketches of the people he comes across, a large proportion of them criminal types, have an objectivity which makes them immediately convincing.

MRS. CHURCHILL *was snapped with* LADY CRIPPS, *wife of Sir Stafford Cripps, at the Chinese Exhibition at 13, Regent Street. They were admiring one of a pair of fine fourteenth-century figures of Bodhisattvas, seated respectively on a lion and a horse, carried out in wood partly lacquered in gold. Lady Cripps is the very active President of the United Aid to China Fund, which is sponsoring the exhibition; its contributions to that race of magnificent fighters have now passed the £100,000 mark, and a cheque was presented by H.M. British Ambassador to Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, for immediate distribution, on October 10, the thirty-first birthday of the Chinese Republic.*

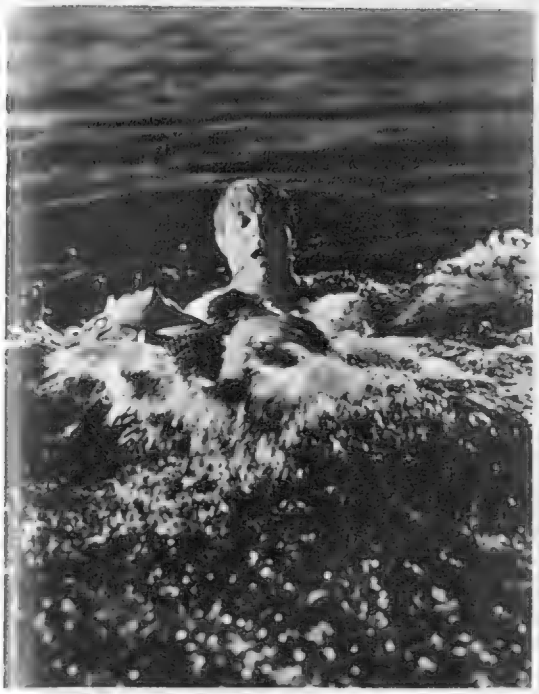
Murder and the Home Guard. Although our acquaintance with Colonel Sir Hector Chalgrove is limited to twenty-eight pages, it is easy to trace a marked similarity between him and the "organ man" of a song popular in the last war—both as regards his fate, and the excuse for it. At least the author has a pretty choice of motives, and this makes it the more peculiar that suspicion should settle in the quarter that it did. The "night exercise" that gives the story its title has seized the author's imagination, sometimes at the expense of the plot, and this perhaps is the explanation of one or two loose ends not usually to be found poking out from Mr. John Rhode's pages.

More Pictures of Britain. The "Britain in Pictures" series goes from strength to strength. Miss Rose Macaulay's contribution, "Life Among the English," is one of the best. What vivacity, what wit, what delicious flavour of personality she brings to her overwhelming task! What recondite but apt quotations, what malicious but pleasing details, what illuminating generalisations.

Mr. Graham Greene is religious, serious, controversial. His survey of British Dramatists in the same series contains judgments (*e.g.*, "the dreadful melting tenderness" of Goldsmith) with which some critics will disagree, and at least one misstatement, for Edward II. was never, I think, at Pontefract Castle. But there is an intellectual grasp and a fire of personal conviction in this brief study of a great subject which make it very impressive.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Children. By Nina Fedorova. (*Collins; 9s. 6d.*)
Death and Tomorrow. By Peter de Polnay. (*Martin Secker and Warburg; 12s. 6d.*)
Night Exercise. By John Rhode. (*Collins; 8s. 6d.*)
Life Among the English. By Rose Macaulay. *Britain in Pictures.* (*Collins; 4s. 6d.*)
British Dramatists. By Graham Greene. *Britain in Pictures.* (*Collins; 4s. 6d.*)



The rescue: Bobo (JEAN GABIN) saves the life of would-be suicide Anna (IDA LUPINO).

"MOONTIDE": NEW DOCKSIDE DRAMA WITH JEAN GABIN.

"MOONTIDE" is an exciting "low life" drama from the novel by Willard Robertson. The scene is set in Dockland, and the characters are rough, seafaring men. Carefree Bobo has a surly friend named Tiny. One night, after an orgy, Bobo cannot reconstruct his actions, and Tiny tries to suggest that his memory is bad because he has committed a crime—the murder of Pop Kelly. The next night Bobo rescues a careworn girl,

[Continued below.

The Good Samaritan: dock-worker Bobo nurses Anna back to life and strength aboard his barge.

The wedding aboard the bait-barge: Bobo and his bride, Anna, with dockside friends.

The accusation: Anna guesses that it is Tiny (THOMAS MITCHELL) who committed the murder, and taxes him with it.

Continued.]

Anna, who is trying to commit suicide, and having taken her to his barge, nurses her to health and falls in love with her. They marry, but Tiny continues to try and fasten the murder on Bobo—and when Anna, with brilliant intuition, guesses the reason, and accuses Tiny himself of the crime, he tries to silence her for ever. The villain, however, gets his deserts, and Bobo and Anna live happily ever afterwards. "Moontide" was due at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on October 16.

Bobo and Tiny settle accounts: the killer is attacked by the friend on whom he has laid suspicion.

The end of a fat and nasty villain: Tiny loses his footing on the pier and falls into the sea. He has murdered Pop Kelly and tried to kill Anna, so his fate is well deserved.

"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST" AGAIN.

"You are my little cousin Cecily, I'm sure": Algernon Moncrieff (CYRIL RITCHARD) *introduces himself to Cecily Cardew* (PEGGY ASHCROFT).

John Worthing (JOHN GIELGUD), *wearing a complete and exquisite suit of mourning for the demise of his perfectly imaginary brother.*

"The bag is undoubtedly mine": Miss Prism (JEAN CADELL) *recognises her property. John Worthing and Canon Chasuble* (J. H. ROBERTS) *complete the group.*

"Rise, Sir, from this semi-recumbent position. It is most indecorous." Lady Bracknell (EDITH EVANS) *interrupts Worthing's proposal to Gwendolen.*

JOHN GIELGUD'S admirable all-star production of Oscar Wilde's famous comedy "THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST," which invariably charms London playgoers, has been again revived at the Phœnix Theatre for a short season. Edith Evans, Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, John Gielgud and Peggy Ashcroft are all seen in the rôles which they played so brilliantly in the last revival—those of Lady Bracknell, Gwendolen, John Worthing and Cecily Cardew; and special interest is added to the production by the fact that Mr. Cyril Ritchard, the revue and musical-comedy star, is Algernon. This is the first time he has taken part in a straight comedy in the West End, and gives an admirable performance. The costumes and settings are exquisite.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN VICKERS.

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THERE are no better companions than the blouse and skirt, as so many variations may be wrought on this theme. To Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, must be given the credit for the model portrayed above. It consists of a blouse of a fancy white material, and a black skirt which is endowed with an attractive shimmer. Younger women will revel in it, as it cannot fail to act as a mental tonic. It seems almost unnecessary to add that there is an infinite variety of tailored shirts, many of them with neat collars and cuffs. Warm dressing-gowns are well represented, in attractive colours.

THE frock from Debenham and Freebody illustrated on the left is of great interest, as the lines are classic in their simplicity. It is of crêpe and is a study in black and primrose; the sleeves are provided with detachable cuffs, while the corsage is arranged to camouflage any unkind points in the silhouette; suède is introduced in the belt, and the pocket is stitched with yellow. It must be mentioned that this may be seen in the model-gown department, where it is companioned with fine tweed dresses in which all forms of decoration are banished.

WARDROBES have to be planned very carefully. The most important thing to be considered is the number of coupons that there are to be—shall it be said?—invested. Liberty, Regent Street, have a department where the needs of the older and dignified woman are displayed. To them must be given the credit for the three-piece portrayed on the right. It consists of a long and short coat, also skirt, and is carried out in a lustrous material, by some called "fur" fabric; it wears exceedingly well, and is not at all expensive. It fulfils many missions: the long coat may be worn over practically any frock. Here may be seen tailored suits.

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